

Candles

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Candles

**A/N: Found this on my old hard-drive and am slightly dying on the inside. Just a lil' AU one-shot based off something that happened to me to shake the writers block (p.s go read my story lol self-promo).
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Disclaimer: I own literally nothing so don't sue me.

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><p>Music was softly tumbling out of the old record player in the corner of the room, providing a sound track for the fuzzy lighting and communal book reading that was taking place on a bed in the Malfoy Manor. My head was lying on the curve of his back, and we formed a wonky-cross in his ridiculously sized bed. It was the size of a trampoline! Even Lily, who is still in the stage of collecting stuffed animals and proudly displaying them by her pillows, would have a hard time filling this up.<p>

"Hey Scorp, listen to this part, I think you'll relate to it." I say, prodding my best friend with my toe as I read aloud a passage from my novel. "Ahem. _The night-troll was most grotesque as it thouroughly erupted from the shrubbery._ That's you Scorp, you're the night-troll. _It's pustule-covered skin oozed with a smug aura and bad stench-" _I didn't get very far in to my dramatic reading before a pillow 'thouroughly erupted' from Scorpius's hand and thwacked into my face.

"You're lucky you're so funny Rose, because you could never charm people with looks like yours." Scorpius replied sulkily, sticking his nose up and returning to his book.

"You love me, though. Like, your life would be ever so boring without me." I show him my teeth in what is a poor attempt at a winning grin. I'm fucking nailing that, if I do say so myself.

"No, stop talking to me. I hate you. You called me a night-troll," he persists, ignoring my gaze.

"I distinctly recall you saying that I was, and I think this is a direct quote, 'the reincarnation of Voldemort himself who has risen from the after-life purely to make my life miserable'."

There was a stagnant pause, in which I grinned smugly at the ceiling, and then, "Look, that was an off day for me."

"Ha! You were just having a hissy-fit because you got an E in Potions."

"Well it didn't help that you were rubbing your O in my face!"

"Whatever," I conceded, hearing the heat in his voice. I went back to reading my book, and waited until his back was less tense before I whispered into the air, "Babyâ€¦"

I narrowly dodged it, but managed to not get hit in the face by his flying hand. I retaliated by tickling his neck, and the Slytherin inside me relished at the squirming of the boy below me. His hair had fallen in his eyes and his cheeks were red as he flailed his arms trying to dislodge me. I cackled.

We continued on like this for a few minutes, our wrestling matches commonplace after I inevitably wind him up, and I ended up with him sitting on my legs and holding down my shoulders, before he whispered in my ear, "Give up yet Rosie-Pose?"

Grumbling, I pool together all my strength I gained from Slytherin Quidditch Team's 6am trainings and my very rare jogs, and arch my back to throw Scorpius off me. Faster than lightening, I'm on top of him and the tables have turned. I smirk down at my best friend.

"You know me Scorp, I'm always up for a challenge." I'm panting hard, but Merlin is it worth it. I can feel him about to try wiggle out of my grip, but the banging of the door opening jolts me.

"Oh! Rose dear, so sorry for not knocking. I'll be more careful next time!" Astoria Malfoy walks in on me straddling her son, on his bed and panting. Fucking splendid.

"No problem at all Mrs Malfoy, we were just ironing out a small disagreement." I smile widely at the blonde woman, dismounting Scorpius as neatly as I can.

She just smirks. Can all Malfoy's smirk? Is there a handbook given out when you marry into the family?

"Oh no, no need to explain. I just came to tell Scorpius that dinner's almost ready. _Do _join us Rose, I feel so bad when you dash out the door every day without being fed."

I glance at Scorpius, already picturing his scowl. He hates when his mum invites me to dinner.

"No, Mrs Malfoy really, I should be getting home. Maybe next week I co-"

"Rose, you've been coming over to this house for four years and I haven't given you a meal yet. Just let me give you dinner." Her eyes flash, and I'm suddenly reminded why so many people are scared of Malfoys. I wouldn't dare contradict the woman in front of me.

"Oh, uh, well I suppose I can sta-"

"Lovely! Come down to the dining room in ten minutes. I expect you'll need time to freshen up." She winks at her son, before stepping out of the door, and I turn to the boy in question, who's face was spectacularly red.

"Sorry, couldn't dodge that one."

"This will be horrific."

"Scorpius, we eat dinner together every night at school. And breakfast and lunch."

"It's a boarding school Rose, no shit."

"You've had Cass and Mikey stay for dinner," I namedrop some of the other kids in our house, glaring accusingly. It's true that out of his friends, I'm the only one that hasn't had the well known 'Malfoy Feast'. Even Al has!

"My parent's don't think I'm dating Cass and Mikey." Scorpius's bottom lip jutted out and he stared at the floor so intensely I was surprised when it didn't set alight. Nonetheless, I giggled.

"Oh, so this is about _that_. _Merlin Scorp, get over it. Your parents think we kiss, big deal." I roll my eyes. So he grimaces at the idea of having me over for dinner because he think's it's horrifically couple-like and that they'll get the wrong idea. Scorpius Malfoy and Rose Weasley are not romantically involved in the slightest, despite the subtle hint's I've dropped trying to change that.

"Lighten up Scorp, stop being a a prick about this." I say again, when he failed to respond.

"Fine. But you can't tell people about this."

"Because dinner with your parents is the best thing I have to talk about." I drawled sarcastically, fixing my hair that has been ruffled up from our wrestling match. He grinned at me, and we were back to our usual dynamic. The music in the room had stopped after the record had played out, so he went and grabbed another one from his monumental collection that he'd built up over his seventeen years.

After a few minutes; "We should head down."

"Don't sound so happy about it, please." I nudge his shoulder with mine. Surely there are worse things than for people to think we're

dating. In a way, I'm a little hurt.

We round the corner into his dining room, and in an instant I bend over laughing.

"_No way!" _I gasp out in between laughs. This is not happening. I have dreamed this up.

Through the glass doors that lead to the lounge room, I can see Mr and Mrs Malfoy having dinner together, and in the dining room is a small, intimate candlelit dinner, with two empty chairs. Astoria must have heard my laughter, because she turns towards me and waves. Mr Malfoy just looks stern, but that's his usual expression, so I can't read much from that.

"Your parents are my favourite people ever. Oh Merlin, they made us a romantic dinner." At this point I'm wheezing, and am forced to lean on one of the chairs for support. It is apparent that Scorpius doesn't find this even half as funny as I do.

"Blow out the fucking candle Rose," He commands, face stony apart from the light blush that is spreading across his aristocratic cheekbones.

"Isn't this cute," I manage to get out, still giggling. He glares at me, and picks up the scented candle in the middle of the table and the flickering light dies. He sits at one of the chairs, leaving me to fill the one opposite him. I survey the table in front of us, slightly drooling from the smells that are drifting up to my nose. _Roast lamb, vegetables, home-made gravy._ Yeah, I could definitely get used to dinner at the Malfoy's. Try as she might, mum's never been a world-class cook, and dad's idea of fine dining is the Leaky Cauldron.

I stifle another round of giggles as I note something else.

"Hh look, a bread bowl,"

"Rose, shut up." Scorpius's blush is no longer light, or just on his cheeks. He's beginning to resemble one of the beets on my plate.

"Hand me the water jug, darling, I'm thirsty," I drawl out, in my best impression of a first-class snob. I stick my nose in the air and hold my hand out loftily.

"We are not a water jug family. I didn't even know we owned a water jug," he grumbled, handing me the jug, "She's just doing this to impress you."

"And you thought that dinner would be a big deal," I jabbed, grinning widely. "As if your mum would ever make it weird."

"I'm going to have stern words with her,"

"Oh, scary!"

"Rose! Now she definitely thinks we're dating." Scorpius growled again, and I felt a little spear puncture my stomach. Call the healers, I'm bleeding on the roast.

"Tell her im a lesbian," I mutter through the mouthful of meat and mashed potatoes.

"She know's you dated Danny Corner last year."

"Well that eliminates asexual. Tell her I've got a boyfriend."

"She, uh, she knows you don't," His ears turn red.

"How in hell does she know that?" I yell, drawing attention from the parents in the other room that are trying not to watch us.

"Uh, I think Cass mentioned it when she came over." His steel eyes were watching his knife cut up asparagus into miniscule pieces.

"Tell them I'm secretly a guy."

"You're blatenly not." His eyes lifted and made their way to my face, after stopping briefly at my middriff. I had to keep my mouth from forming a smug smile. Guess dating me wouldn't be the _worst _thing.

"Well fuck if I know Scorp, just tell them that you don't like me." I say.

He met my eyes for a brief second, and mumbled out a halfhearted 'Yeah' before we continued eating in the most awkward silence imaginable.

"See the thing is, I can't tell them that." I starts, after a good fifteen minutes of just chewing noises. His voice jolts me, and I nearly choke on the second helping of bread I'd bitten into.

"Why not?" I replied, after swallowing.

"Well, I've actually been asking mum for ideas on how to ask you out, so it'd be a conflct of interest."

Oh.

"Oh."

_Solid reply Rose. _

"Yeah."

For a brief moment I consider running into the lounge room and hugging Mrs Weasley. For another moment I consider laughing because this is obviously a joke. There's no way that Scorpius Malfoy has just admitted that he fancies me, his best friend of four years. His slightly insane, very snarky, sometimes rude, always ginger best friend of four years.

And then I realise that I had a very attractive boy waiting for the answer to his confession, and I pushed my chair up and walked over to him.

"You're really fucking dumb," I said. Because Rose Weasley doesn't

quite do romantic, and she doesn't quite do heartfelt, but she does do kissing Scorpius Malfoy. So I proceeded to do that, for a good few minutes.

That is, until I heard a rapping on the glass door, and saw Mrs Malfoys eye's glimmering as she called through, "Do you kids want dessert?"

"We're good mum!" Scorpius yelled back, glaring at his mother, before dropping his hands from where they'd settled on his waist, and sitting back down at the table, flushed.

"Hey Scorp?" I started, slowly smiling.

"Yes Rosie?"

"I think the water jug won me over."

This time I wasn't fast enough to dodge the bread roll that came pelting towards my eye.

* * *

><p>AN: Yeah not too sure what this was but hope you enjoyed.
Review! **

End
file.